The
COMMONWEAL

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Preparing Our Children's Dance of Death

THE SITUATION is so simple you have to pinch yourself to believe it is true. Canada and the United States are bursting with surplus cereals. The Argentine and Brazil are bursting with surplus meats, and would be delighted to find a market for their milk. Swedish merchant ships are tied up to wharves, without cargoes, with nowhere to go. Credit balances are rotting away in the accounts of various governments in exile. And all over Europe children (we won't talk about the adults) are starving.

What does starving a child lead to? Eventually, of course, it can produce death. But unfortunately it very often does not produce death. It produces human beings who can at some later date reconstitute their physical strength by adequate food, but whose nervous systems are forever seared and beyond the reach of anything but a blind admiration for force and a desire for vengeance against mankind. The experience of the last twenty-five years has proved this, notoriously in the case of one generation of German youth, which suffered no such severity of starvation as is now being suffered this instant, today, this hour, by youth in France, in Belgium, in Holland, in Norway, and (Russian Relief please note!) in occupied Russia. These are the children our children will have to live with. These children will like to destroy, they will love strength and brute strength. They will have airplanes that can span the Atlantic, and the Chinese children will have airplanes that can span the Pacific. And they will remember who had the full granaries, and who kept those granaries inviolate. They will remember, but they will be incapable of reason; and since they will remember badly, they will remember even worse things than we have let happen.

Unless . . . we allow (for we need do nothing more than allow) the surplus wheat we own, the surplus meat and milk South Americans own, to be bought for good money, to be shipped in idle vessels, to go under unimpeachable supervision into the hungry mouths which now look up and are not fed.

What is quite beyond belief is that no one is *openly* opposed to our taking the only steps which can possibly spare our children from a calamity and a threat infinitely greater than the present threat. No one has lately said a word in argument against this use of what surpluses there are as insurance against a dire future for those most dear to us. To Christians no one has spoken against this clearest obligation in charity.

Why then are the Swedish ships not getting up steam? Why then are the grain merchants of Chicago and the proprietors of Argentine haciendas not depositing checks from the Belgian and the Dutch and the Norwegian and the Polish governments? Why is the International Red Cross able only to bewail how little it can do? Why does the French "Secours Quaker" say that it has not enough milk and vitamins to last till spring, even for the most desperate cases?

Many men and women who have seen the horror at first hand are asking themselves these questions. And there appear to be only three possible answers. A few obstinate and obdurate highly-placed British officials, who seem to think that to change your mind is a sign of weakness, stand out against the noblest and most enlightened of their compatriots. A few selfish Americans get panicky because they cannot have as many cans of tomatoes or pounds of coffee as they would like, and come to the conclusion that all surpluses are mythical. And the Russian inner circle must believe that a starved population, with its mass psychology, will always prefer to accept communist leadership, will never prefer a leadership so vastly less human than either communism or fascism that we can scarcely conceive it, a leadership purely anarchical, savage, brutal, a leadership which the depths of our own being tells us can exist, though we have not yet seen it.

Against this small, hard core of blind folly, there is only one effective remedy. It must be dissolved in the acid of popular indignation and resolution that our children shall not have to suffer worse than the worst any of today's men and women have suffered, that charity shall not quit the world.

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The Red Army's Jubilee

HOW EXPLAIN the unexpected strength of the Russian armies and the feeling of confidence that attended the observance of the Red Army's twenty-fifth anniversary? Of all the elements, preparedness is probably the most important. This program included industrialization of remote, undeveloped regions despite insuperable odds; it has meant years of all-out preparation without adequate food, clothing or shelter for the great bulk of the Russian people. But the soldiers themselves have been well fed and well clad and have come to constitute a highly privileged élite. So thorough and comprehensive was their training that even the liquidation of many of their most able officers held to be personal or political enemies by the Stalin régime could not permanently impair the army's real effectiveness. The extent of Russia's might simply was not known. Finally, just as the nazis and the Japanese gained added power by building up their military machines to accomplish specific strategic tasks, so the Soviets directed all their efforts toward establishing an ultimately invincible series of defense tactics against an "inevitable" German attack.

Those, together with special aptitude for winter fighting and the seasoning of officers in the Finnish, Spanish Civil and other wars, are the principal material elements in the background. But there is the element of spirit, too. From all accounts vengefulness against the Germans for their ruthlessness, new love for a threatened Mother Russia and some feeling that an Axis victory would subject them to worse servitude have given birth to a determination seldom manifested by any people anywhere.

And so it has taken another ruthless dictatorship successfully to counter Hitler. The American CP would have us all believe that communism itself is clearly the hope of the world. Not so—any more than the early successes of the Germans and the Japanese—which were overwhelming—prove anything as to the superiority or truth of their views of life. But the fact remains that the "democracies" have yet to manifest military strength equal to that of the dictatorships. Let us remember that democracies were claimed to be unequal to the efficiency required to meet a political crisis such as that of '39 or to hold their own in war production. These two bogies are now laid. Our armed forces also have been arduously preparing; the results will soon appear. But positive and specific war aims must be promulgated and spread wide and we must partake of some of the spirit of the Russians.

Rickenbacker Ructions

EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER is more and more becoming an issue to divide Americans. To begin with, there is a great deal to be said in his behalf. He was one of our best aces in the First World War and he is a capable, self-made business man. We heard his first radio talk on the Sunday afternoon following his return from the Pacific ordeal, and we were definitely moved by it. We hoped then that the smug, indifferent type of American would hear these burning words, think about them and take quick steps to mend his ways.

But soon Captain Rickenbacker began to work in a few variations on his original theme. He no longer confined himself to the terrible sacrifices of our men in the fox-holes and hell-holes of New Guinea and Guadalcanal, and our corresponding duty to match those sacrifices on the home front. The splendid affirmation of religious faith gave way to other less splendid affirmations of economic and political faith. Suddenly he was telling his capacity audiences that the Roosevelt administration is a dictatorship "spending billions of dollars to destroy self-reliance, initiative, imagination, and individuality," that all the men at the front are "rugged individualists—and I thank God for that," and that when they come home they won't stand for "planned economy" or "the closed shop."

Did Captain Rickenbacker also jump on the abuses of capital and management? Did he call for sacrifices by the rich that would be remotely commensurate with those he so hotly demanded from the poor? Did he support President Roosevelt's $25,000 *income limitation* or any other limitation on income or corporate profits? Did he denounce *effectively* war profiteers or price chiselers or any other type of capitalist racketeer? Did he properly acknowledge the hard work and sacrifice of patriotic American trade unionists and union officials for the war effort? No, he did not. His guns all seemed to be aimed in one direction, and so badly, crazily aimed that they were hitting not only the genuine labor abuses such as racketeering and absenteeism, but also the whole structure of trade unionism and every kind of civilized, desperately-needed piece of legislation passed by Congress during the last ten years.

In short, Captain Rickenbacker now stands quite clearly in the position of a man who is exploiting his hero-rating to sell the American public the most primitive, reactionary kind of economic and political nonsense. We cannot help but deplore such a performance, and we can only hope that perhaps some day the man's religious faith will get to work on his rugged individualism.

When Labor and Management Cooperate

ACCORDING to a special story in the New York *Times*, Gordon Lefebvre, vice-president and general manager of the Cooper-Bessemer Corporation of Grove City, Pa., credited labor-man-

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agement committees in the steel industry with a "tremendous contribution" to the war effort. He declared that "during the period since such committees were established in March, 1942, we have increased the volume of our business 240 per cent." His remarks concluded to the effect that "the labor-management committees had the effect of educating management—and I hope labor—to the other fellow's viewpoint."

Central Park

AT A VERY fortunate moment in the rapid development of the City of New York it was decided to set aside an area on the island which should be a park. With unexpected persistence the people of the city have maintained this park, Central Park, against all sorts of schemes which would have destroyed it. It is a rectangle: fifty-one city blocks long; three long city blocks wide. It is, or it was, fashionable to live on the avenue, Fifth Avenue, which borders it to the East. It is less fashionable, but one has to be rich, to live in the hotels and apartment houses which border it to the South. It is comfortable but not fashionable to live in the apartments which border it to the West. Negroes live to the North.

Save on the North, therefore, Central Park is isolated from anything that in New York is living and interesting. Yet the fringe of wealthy slums, hospitals, hotels, museums, does not make the Park impenetrable to the poor. New Yorkers can and do get into the Park. In summer they listen to the bands and dance on the Mall. They row on the lake. In their innocence they watch what they take to be elegants on horseback along the bridle paths. They play baseball. They lie on the grass, they feed the squirrels. They sail model ships. They go to the Zoo. There are trees in the Park and because this is winter all these pictures of spring and summer come to mind and summer will come and the soldiers will be fighting in the heat of summer, but in the Park there will be people lying on the grass and somehow it is painful to think of the spring and of the summer and of the summer dresses and the girls walking in the Park and of all the hope that has always come to men in the spring. It is painful to think of the old days when the boys and girls rode in the open trolley cars in the cool after work, or on top of the busses when they rode up the Avenue to the Park and there was all Sunday afternoon and they bought ice cream and sat on the grass.

It is a lucky thing that the city authorities planned the Park and that the buildings of New York have been kept out of the Park. New York is built on rock and all over the Park there are places where the rock is bare on the surface. It is a good thing that no one ever tried to blast out this rock and put soil down and grow grass to hide the rock. They could have done so: elsewhere they blasted the rock so that the streets could be driven straight up and down and across Manhattan Island. But they left the rock in the Park and so New Yorkers can see something that is America. There is nowhere else on the Island where you can touch anything that has always belonged to the country, anything that has always been here, before the Dutch came, before the Indians were here, before the city was built. There are these miles of streets and buildings and you can argue that the asphalt is American asphalt, that the stones were quarried somewhere in America and that the steel of the buildings is American steel but that would not mean much to the population of the City of New York. For the people here have come from all over the world and they have memories of the fields and mountains and plains they came from and a skyscraper or a tenement may be American but it is not the American land. We, who live in New York, have only the great glacial boulders in the Park and the bare rock which breaks through the thin soil of the Park, to remind us that there is an American land.

We who are Irish, Italian, Greek, we who have come like the Jews from afar touch these boulders, stand on this rock and for us city people it is as if we stood on the edge of the Grand Canyon. It is here that we come back and touch base. It is from here that we start again.

It is here in the Park that the German, the Pole, the Swede and the latest refugee from the war starts even with Peter Minuit.

The boulders and the rock in the Park were there before the Indians came, before Peter Minuit came, before any of us came. The Indians came, exiles and adventurers from some untraceable and forgotten heartland in Asia. Then we came. But before that there were these boulders and this rock worn down by the glaciers and then laid bare when the glaciers withdrew and then covered and eroded again by ice and then laid bare again. The Indians came and now there is not an Indian, not a cigar store Indian. And then we came. It is a matter of minutes not of years.

There is no use fooling ourselves with nationalism. We are a sensible, practical people. We have built farms and cities all over this land. We are proud of what we have accomplished. We have established continuity in our history, we have organized a community, we have our memories. But the continuity does not reach back endlessly on American soil, it reaches back into Europe: our community is not founded either in a new race or in a new philosophy, it proceeds from the European migration: our memories go back fifty, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred years and then, always, we find the immigrants' ship and so our memories have no starting point and are limitless. C. G. PAULDING.

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Gandhi on Christianity

A missionary traveling through India to China gathers a harvest of Gandhi's opinions

By **Charles L. Meeus**

REVERENTLY approaching the railroad tracks at the station of Surat in western India, a high-caste Indian, a Brahman, knelt down in the dust and fervently began rubbing his forehead against the steel rails which a few moments before had supported the weight of Gandhi's special railway car. And yet Gandhi himself is not a Brahman, belongs to a much lower caste which the Brahmans despise, and despise with the accumulated scorn of centuries of tradition and inbred religious pride.

All along this line similar acts were performed not only by Brahmans but by Mohammedans, Sikhs, Parsees. Unquestionably Gandhi's success in gaining the respect and trust of all Indians lies in his constant insistence upon the fact that he is a man "above all human pettiness and passion," *but it also arises from his shrewd understanding of man's instinctive attraction to religion. He flatly says that he believes in the equality of all religions, and he has thereby cunningly won the adherence of a people whose unity lies in their concern with religion and whose disunity lies in their fanatical observance of diametrically opposed religious practices.*

It seems to me worthwhile for Catholics and indeed for all Christians to have some true insight into Gandhi's religious utterances. With this in mind, I have gathered together a few anecdotes, episodes and reported statements during a recent visit to India on my way to China, and I reproduce them herewith in the hope that they may lead to a better understanding of the religious point of view expressed by the Mahatma.

* * *

"With you, Jesus was the only begotten son of God. With me He was *a* son of God, no matter how much purer than us all, but every one of us is a son of God and capable of doing what Jesus did, provided we but endeavor to express the Divine in us."

"Comparing Christianity and Hinduism or other religions, I would say that quinine—in your case Christianity—may be the only means of saving life in your case, but a dangerous poison in the case of another."

"My message to Christians is: Become worthy of the message that is imbedded in the Sermon on the Mount . . . and join the spinning brigade." *Gandhi has made the spinning wheel a symbol of his "mission" to the world.* "It is my cross," *he says.*

* * *

"I do not regard God as a person. Truth for me is God, and God's law and God are not different things or facts, in the sense that an earthly king and his law are different. Because God is an Idea, Law Himself. Therefore it is not possible to conceive God as breaking the Law. He therefore does not rule our actions and withdraw Himself. When we say He rules our actions, we are simply using human language and we try to limit Him. Otherwise He and His Law abide everywhere and govern everything. Therefore I don't think that He answers in every detail every request of ours, but there is no doubt that He rules our action, and I believe literally that not a blade of grass grows or moves without His will. The free will we enjoy is less than that of a passenger on a crowded deck."

"My religion is the religion of Krishna. In Krishna's Bible, the Gita, he speaks of the balanced state of mind, of mental equipoise. In 19 verses at the close of the second chapter of the Gita, Krishna explains how this state can be achieved. It can be achieved, he tells us, after killing all your passions. I should like to see the man who, dealing death, has no passions, is indifferent to pain and pleasure, is undisturbed by the storms that trouble mortal man. These verses show that the fight Krishna speaks of is a spiritual fight. It is a fight that is going on within. The Pandawas and Kawauaras are the forces of good and evil within. The war is the war between Jekyll and Hyde, God and Satan, going on in the human breast; the internal evidence in support of this interpretation is there in the work itself and in the Mahabharata of which the Gita is a minute part. Non-violence is my creed because it is at the root of the Hindu culture, that, long before Buddha or Christ, had been delivered in a beautiful dramatic setting by Krishna."

* * *

"In the manner that Christian missionaries are working in India there would seem to be no room

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for them. Quite unconsciously they do harm to themselves and so to us. It is perhaps impertinent for me to say that they do harm to us. They do harm to those amongst whom they work and those amongst whom they do not work, i.e., the harm is done to the whole of India. They present a Christianity of their belief, but not the message of Jesus as I understand it. The more I study their activities the more sorry I become. There is such a gross misunderstanding of religion on the part of those who are intelligent, very far advanced and whose motives need not be questioned. It is a tragedy that such a thing should happen in the human family." *This statement was made to a Protestant minister.*

"The Khan derives his belief in non-violence from the Koran, and the Bishop of London derives his belief in non-violence from the Bible. I derive my belief in non-violence from the Gita, whereas there are others who read violence in it. But if the worst comes to the worst and if I came to the conclusion that the Koran teaches violence, I would still reject violence, but I would not therefore say that the Bible is superior to the Koran or that Mohammed is inferior to Jesus. It is not my function to judge Mohammed and Jesus. It is enough that my non-violence is independent of the sanction of scriptures. But the fact remains that religious books have a hold upon mankind which other books have not. They have made a greater impression on me than Mark Twain, or, to take a more appropriate instance, Emerson. Emerson was a thinker. Jesus and Mohammed were through and through men of action in a sense Emerson would never be. Their power was derived from their faith in God."

* * *

Here is an anecdote related by a friend of his in January, 1937, at Harijan, one of the very few that deals with Catholics.

"Professor X from Poland was a rather strange specimen of seeker after truth whom I came across the other day. He said to Gandhiji that he had found much spirituality in India, and was wondering if all the spiritual forces of the world could not combine to conquer the materialistic forces that were gathering strong in India. But Catholicism, according to the Professor, is the only true religion, and the only spiritual force. As a professor of philosophy he had studied all the religious systems of the world and had come to this deliberate conclusion!

" 'Do you therefore say that other religions are untrue?' Gandhiji asked him.

" 'If others are convinced that their religions are true, they are saved,' said the Professor, meaning to say that conviction was impossible.

" 'Therefore,' said Gandhiji, 'you will say that everyone would be saved even through untruth. For you say that if a man really and sincerely believes in what is as a matter of fact untruth, he is saved. Would you not also hold, therefore, that your own way may be untrue, but that you are convinced that it is true and therefore you will be saved?'

" 'But I have studied all religions and found that mine is the only true religion.'

" 'But so have others studied other religions. What about them? Well, I go further and tell you that religion is one and it has several branches which are all equal.'

" 'I accept,' said the Professor, 'that no religion lacks divine inspiration, but all have not the same truth, because all have not the same light.'

" 'It is an essentially untrue position to take, for a seeker after truth, that he alone is in absolute possession of truth. What is happening to the poor astronomers today? They are changing their position every day, and there are scientists who impeach even Einstein's latest theory.'

" 'No. But I have examined the arguments in favour of other religions.'

" 'But it was an intellectual examination,' said Gandhiji. 'You require different scales to weigh the spiritual truths. Perhaps they are all untrue —quite a logical position to take—but since truth does not come out of untruth it is better to say that we all have truth but not the complete truth. For God reveals His truth to instruments that are imperfect. Rain-drops of the purest distilled water become diluted or polluted as soon as they come in contact with mother earth. My submission is that your position is arrogant. But I suggest to you a better position. Accept all religions as equal, for all have the same root and the same laws of growth.'

"But the Professor would still have his way and said, 'It is necessary to examine every religion philosophically and find out which is more harmonious, more perfect.'

" 'That presupposes that all religions are in water-tight compartments. That is wrong. They are always growing,' rejoined Gandhiji. 'Let us not limit God's function. He may reveal Himself in a thousand ways and a thousand times.'

"Now the Professor switched to the next question, that of fighting materialism.

" 'Well,' said Gandhiji, 'it is no use trying to fight these forces unless you give up the idea of converting people from the faith they hold, for such an attempt, I assure you, is the deadliest poison that ever sapped the fountain of truth.'

" 'But,' said the Professor, 'I have great respect for your religion.'

" 'Not enough,' said Gandhiji. 'I had the feeling myself one day, but I found that it was not enough. Unless I accept the position that all religions are equal and I have as much regard for other religions as I have for my own, I would not

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be able to live in the boiling war around me. Any make-believe combination of spiritual forces is doomed to failure if this fundamental position is not accepted. I read and get all my inspiration from the Gita. But I also read the Bible and the Koran to enrich my own religion. I incorporate all that is good in other religions.'

"'That is your goodwill.'

"'But that is not enough.'

"'But I have great respect for you.'

"'Not enough. If I were to join the Catholic Church, you would have greater respect for me?'

"'O yes,' said the Professor with engaging naïveté. 'If you became a Catholic, you would be as great as Saint Francis.'

"'But not otherwise? A Hindu cannot be a Saint Francis? Poor Hindu!'

"And there was loud laughter in which the Professor joined.

"'But may I take your photograph?' was his last question.

"'No,' said Gandhiji. 'Surely you don't care for materialism! And it is all materialism, isn't it?'

"And with that we gave him a hearty farewell."

Thus ends the account of Professor X's visit, as related from memory by one of Gandhi's friends. Probably the wording is his own, but the remarkable thing about the episode, when you compare it with what Gandhi says to Protestant Christians, is its witty tone. It would seem that Gandhi must look upon Catholicism as a hard nut to crack. The Catholic Church in India is just as much concerned—because of its own view of Christ's Mystical Body—as Gandhi himself with the adjustment of India's caste problem. While there is but little chance that we shall ever hear of Gandhiji becoming a Saint Francis, we can properly conclude by quoting the Mahatma himself: "If things were to happen to me as they did to Saul before he became Paul, I should not hesitate to be converted." *But Paul was violent . . . Paul was not lukewarm . . . Paul had something that Mahatma Gandhi still greatly lacks, and that is the humility which God alone can give, be it on the road to Damascus or riding along in special cars on special trains, over polished railroad tracks which Brahmans kneel down to kiss in hypnotized reverence.*

The Coming League

The shape of a future federation

By Luigi Sturzo

THERE IS a good deal of hesitancy to call by the name "League of Nations" that international body which will have to come into being after the victory of the United Nations. Shall we call it "Community of Nations" or "Society of States" or "World Commonwealth" or "International Federation"?

While we are waiting for the discovery of some fine new name, let us continue to call that body League of Nations, for we do not want all the past to be forgotten and we are anxious to call back to life and usefulness all that was good at Geneva and the Hague. We shall assume the past as accomplished and the future as to be created, thus bringing forth the features of the new structure and leading toward an understanding of the most significant changes to be introduced.

Membership in the League

All states may become members of the League; but only those will be admitted which are willing to accept the spirit and the letter of the new covenant. The mistake of the past, a *de facto* more than a *de jure* mistake, was that of admitting as members of the League states morally or politically unable to assume the co-responsibilities of membership, states which afterwards became the enemies and saboteurs of the League. This was true of Japan, who prepared the first aggression against Manchuria, and for this aggression was not expelled from the League as she should have been. Even when Japan resigned her membership (after being censured by the League), she continued to act as mandatory power over the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, without the League making any attempt to cancel the mandate itself. The same was true of Italy and Germany. At Geneva there were to be found living together future enemies, and, even stranger, those who were preparing the present war were busy undermining the League, without any remedial measure being taken by the other states.

The new League must be formed by the United Nations who have signed the Washington Declaration, at present thirty in number, with the addition of Fighting France. The United Nations have pledged themselves to fight for liberty, religious freedom, justice, rights of man, order and

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international cooperation; once victory is attained, they have the duty to redeem their pledges.

One hears doubts expressed about Russia. Our repeatedly expressed opinion has been that the collective victory will signify a new era for Russia, too. It is today legitimate to think that Russia, in her own interests, will cooperate loyally with the League and will deserve help and confidence. If the opposite should become true, and if Russia should attempt to trouble the international order with communist propaganda or with armaments superior to the limits commonly agreed upon, the very same League would have to take a stand and recall Russia to the fulfillment of her word, just as the old League should have done in the case of Germany and Italy.

We should remember that Geneva was not powerless; what was lacking was a show of good will now on the part of Great Britain, now on the part of France and often of both, not to mention the lack of cooperation, (although an outsider) on the part of the United States. The most perfect covenant may be prepared; if the will to fulfill its terms is lacking, the pact will remain a dead letter.

Those states that have remained neutral during the present war will have to be scrutinized one by one in order to ascertain whether they deserve our trust and should therefore become members of the League. Those among them who have totalitarian tendencies, deny freedom to their citizens or persecute religious, racial or linguistic minorities should be adjudged as not possessing the same spirit as the founders of the League and should be denied admission until their political system or their frame of mind be modified.

With regard to the vanquished countries it will be necessary to wait for the formation of new governments, the establishment of new constitutions, in order to decide whether and upon what conditions they shall be admitted. The League must not be conceived as a formal body but as a living community. Just as the citizen must be loyal to his country, so the member states must be loyal to the League. After a world-wide crisis like the present one, loyalty will be presumed in the victors but not among the vanquished; they must therefore provide certain proof of having undergone a change, of having renounced their order and having adopted that of the new League. Only then will they be eligible for membership.

Equalities and Inequalities

In the Wilsonian League there was an attempt at reconciliation of the individualistic and the hierarchic principles. On the Council there were permanent seats belonging to the Great Powers and elective seats, the latter filled partly by election and partly by rotation. The prevalence of the Great Powers was protected. But in order to respect the sovereignty of the individual states, the absurd rule was enforced to give validity to the commitments of the Assembly, that a unanimous vote was necessary. One single vote was sufficient to paralyze the League's mechanism, and sometimes state delegates at Geneva were obliged to resort to the parliamentary tricks of absence or abstention or of backstage compromises. All this flowed from one fundamental mistake, that of conceiving the League as an assembly of delegates. The League as such could have no effective powers beyond those regarding its internal structure. Political and international powers were given by every single government; hence only unanimity could be admitted since the member states had not given up one fraction of their sovereignty.

Are the United States, Great Britain, China and Russia today willing to yield some of their sovereignty and, in international matters, to bow, with all due precautions, to the law of the majority, be it a two-thirds majority? If the answer is yes, then all other states will say yes, including the neutral and the vanquished states. But if the attitude of the United States, Great Britain, China and Russia is negative, the new League will end in failure.

Let us assume the affirmative; then the three or four Great Powers will want permanent seats in the executive body, which is right; they will also earnestly try to find out the nature of the other states which are sharing responsibilities with them. This scrutiny was never undertaken in the past by France or Great Britain toward nazi Germany or fascist Italy, for membership in the League in substance did not commit them in any way and Geneva often fulfilled a useful rôle as a smokescreen. But when the League has its own powers and is in a position to commit London, Moscow and Washington even beyond the actual will of their respective governments, then fellow-members will be subject to serious scrutiny.

What must be avoided at all cost is that one group should form a bloc and dominate the League. Whatever the nature of that bloc, be it London — Washington — Moscow or London—Washington—Paris, or London—Washington—Berlin, or any similar combination, its formation must be prevented. At the same time any coalition of small or medium states should be forestalled if its intent is that of paralyzing the functioning of the League.

Powers of the League

No one doubts the future League should have consultative and judicial powers like those of the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague. No one will want to deprive the Hague of such a court; its jurisdiction should be broader and its structure improved. The services ren-

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dered by the International Labor Office in the social field and by the special technical and economic commissions have, as a whole, worked well, even though sometimes too much hampered by a certain kind of bureaucracy which tended to slow down the activities of Geneva. What is meant by the League's powers concerns the political field. Here three problems of decisive importance present themselves.

The first is the definition of aggression, a definition not theoretical but practical and statutory. The associated states will have to consider as aggression, no matter what the juridical or political motives, any and all offensive acts carried out *manu militari* against a state, any military action on foreign territory, every military preparation carrying out a threat of aggression. The League must have the right and the duty to order the cessation of hostilities between the states; the side refusing acceptance of the League's order within the fixed terms will be deemed to be an aggressor and subject to sanctions.

The League covenant of 1919 foresaw four legitimate grounds for war; the new covenant will have to exclude the legitimacy of any war among states. Only the League will have the right of armed intervention as police force, as a measure of sanction and as protection of the attacked state, and only the League will be entitled to call upon other states to participate in the defense of the state subjected to an aggression.

Leaving aside economic sanctions, whose efficacy must be ultimate rather than immediate, we must turn to military sanctions as really adequate to stop at the beginning any attempt to start a war. Either a state will be so strong as to defy the League and the states it represents, and in such a case that state will by itself constitute a permanent danger to world peace so that it will be necessary to curtail at once its offensive power. Or that state will be entirely unable to meet the power of the League and in such a case it will not be in a position to begin a war. Only a weak and divided and powerless League can be checkmated.

Disarmament and military powers

The view is gaining ground that the United Nations will have to assert the principle of unilateral disarmament for an unforeseeable length of time, to enable the vanquished countries to give up their aggressive mentality. This period cannot be prolonged beyond the time when a vanquished country is accepted as a member of the League of Nations. Within the League there must not be any longer victors and vanquished but only members cooperating to maintain the international order. The military system which will be fixed for all members of the League will be extended to the vanquished countries once they have been adjudged worthy of admission.

What the Atlantic Charter has to say on collective security is very vague. Although governmental declarations on disarmament, or rather the reduction of armaments, are not lacking, we are yet in unexplored territory. Whatever the limits of a reduction of armaments achieved after the complete disarmament of the vanquished countries or in subsequent agreements among the United Nations, certain it is that a League of Nations cannot possibly be formed without attributing to her military powers and creating military organisms dependent upon her. If we want peace in the world, we must take the decisive step and create a real and living supernational organism.

To the League we must attribute the surveillance and policing of the air and of the seas and the direct responsibility for some internationalized territories, like Tangier. Not all armies nor all military airplanes will be placed under the control of the League. But there will have to be certain internationalized corps endowed with autonomy and their own sphere of action for the maintenance of security and order.

It is also possible to foresee a delegation of powers by the League to one or more individual member states for the fulfillment of special military missions, a kind of military mandate. Similarly the League can organize, entrusting its operation to the interested states, a military cordon aimed at the state which, in violation of pacts, is arming itself and preparing an aggression. The possible developments of a system of international security centering in the League are many, and it is easy to show the significance and the essentially peaceful nature of the new armies, a real police force of a truly new order. Time will favor mental and practical adaptations, both individual and collective. Up to the present, we have had military alliances, entered into with a view to carry out a specific war. Tomorrow there will be a permanent alliance, also on the military plane, to guarantee a peace acquired after so many sacrifices.

Let us not delude ourselves on the smooth realization of all this. Jealousies between today's friends and mistrust of yesterday's enemies will soon arise. No one loves to drop into the background and receive orders; but right here is to be found the secret of statesmen's actions: to know how to command when command is necessary, to know how to cooperate with others and rely on them when that reliance guarantees the common good. If we look back to the ages of slavery and polygamy, how great has been the progress in the social machinery of mankind! Therefore we can have faith in a League of Nations endowed with political and military powers.

Every state, and not only the vanquished states, must accept the principle of international control.

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The vanquished states will have to accept a special control imposed by the armistice until all their obligations under it are fulfilled. When they are deemed worthy of admission into the League, they will come under the control common to all members.

Such control is necessary to make the League certain that its members respect pacts, maintain loyalty to the League and to the moral and legal principles upon which the League is founded. In a League endowed with political and military powers, a control will have to be created to prevent unfaithful hands from gaining control over important mandates and sovereign powers.

Every country will have the government it will choose. The League will be interested in seeing to it that the moral, legal and cultural principles for which we are fighting today will be at the basis of the League—political and religious freedom, independence, rights of human personality, justice, protection of the rights of racial, religious and linguistic minorities, ultimate attainment on the part of colonies of their political and economic personality.

The League will have the task of safeguarding the international order as emerging from the new covenant and shall be endowed with sufficient powers and rights acknowledged by all. That state which does not keep its pledged word and which undermines the new order, even if only within its own territory, must be excluded from the League and subjected to sanctions.

The states outside the League

It must be anticipated that not a few states will remain outside the League, temporarily or indefinitely. They will be small states with a special structure. It might be, for instance, that Switzerland, convinced even tomorrow that neutrality is for her the best of solutions, might choose to remain outside. It would be foolish to have recourse again to compromise; for League and neutrality are at opposite poles. Nevertheless, between Switzerland and the League there will be established those relationships of friendship that the democratic spirit of the respective institutions will make effective and cooperative.

If it is a question of great powers, and these could only be the members of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis, the League will remain watchful as if against a potential enemy. Be it supposed that Japan after her defeat, even after acceptance of the armistice terms, should refuse to correct her political system, which would therefore be left in the hands of militarists and ultra-nationalists, or should neglect to apply for admission to the League. This would indicate hopes of revenge. Tokyo would be acting on the hypothesis, that in twenty years all the governments of the world will have changed their personnel, that the same problem will be looked upon with different eyes and conceptions, that new and convinced appeasers will not be lacking, and that the critics of the past, which is our present, will perhaps be inexorable. The Japanese might think that by means of their subtle policy they might gain ground and render revenge possible. A country nourishing in secret such sentiments, which are aimed against the well-ordered processes of the community of nations, is more dangerous as a member of the League than as an outsider under close control. The old motto "I accept freedom in order to have the freedom to deny it" cannot be accepted in the new order. The League must have the power both of refusing acceptance as a member to that state which does not inspire confidence and of throwing out that state which fails in the keeping of its pledged word.

Since it is a question of vanquished states it is obvious that they will be granted parity of rights (also with regard to armaments in the measure which has been agreed upon) if they will be members of the League. But if they will not be members either because they do not want to be or because they have not fulfilled the conditions of the armistice or because they do not comply with the League's pacts, they will also have to be deprived of all rights to proportional and relative armaments parity.

To build a new edifice on Christian ethical principles and on the principles of international law is the aim of the war which is being fought by the United Nations. The instrument will be a League of Nations, created upon the same principles and made real by political and military powers which no future coalition will be able to destroy.

Four Freedoms in Atlanta

By GEORGE STREATOR

THREE THOUSAND AFL delegates from Southern states, 300 Negroes among them, assembled in Atlanta, Georgia, January 16 and 17, for a series of sittings and listenings that must have upset every man's intellectual digestion. The sessions were long, the speeches were varied and on the whole typical, with one exception, maybe more than one exception, inasmuch as I heard only about two-thirds of them. I missed that made by the in-coming Governor of Georgia. But I heard President William Green deliver a much better than average main address. Frank Fenton touched on several timely topics; but the man who captured my ears and held them had no prepared address. He made some straight from the shoulder remarks, and like President Lincoln at Gettysburg, he sat down when he had finished, as one who had done what he was supposed to do.

It was more than that, although all the North-

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ern whites in attendance did not get the significance of what he said. The Negroes knew that he spoke from the heart, and they felt that he really cut the fog from the air, or whatever one does with fog when it settles heavy over a meeting. This man, J. R. Weyler, is a veteran labor leader of the South, although I admit that I in going in and out of the South for a lifetime, never ran into him. And neither has Mr. Walter White, or, I imagine, Mr. Philip Randolph. For Old Man Weyler, "Pappy" Weyler, "Grandpa" Weyler, is not a man to show up at every spot where the Negro Question is being banged about, until the race is worse off at the end than it was at the beginning.

Mr. Weyler is an organizer for the Carpenters' International. His territory is the South, west of the Mississippi, I believe, plus Kentucky, his home state, and Tennessee, where I was born. Until I heard Mr. Weyler speak, I never troubled myself with looking him up in Atlanta, although a friend from Arkansas told me that "there is one white man who never lies to you." That of course, among us Negroes, is a supreme honor, inasmuch as the worst thing about white people in dealing with Negroes is that they will lie; half the time for lack of a better way out, the other half because of their conviction that the poor blackamoor will not know he is hearing a lie.

I do not want to argue that it is difficult to interpret Weyler to the Eastern mind; or to the "European" mind, unless you are a Southern white! Perhaps it is better that I do not go into sociological details that would start a lot of denouncings and what-nots, since my object is to point out that there has always existed what could be called the Christian mind among Southern whites. This Christian mind frequently gets confused, of course. Sometimes ministers of the Gospel have mounted the pulpit to arouse their membership to violence. People have gone berserk, it is said, walking right out from church to lynch somebody.

Delegate Weyler is a good man who has won a lot of respect from the common man in the South. He *is* such a Southern radical-Christian. This does not mean that he is an economic radical. He believes in economic justice for the working man. He believes in high standards of living for white and black alike. If there were more Christian radicals, he could find a wider common ground, say, and would be more easily understood.

What moves me to draw up these notes is that Weyler has made a fight for many years to free the black workers in Southern towns from a slave position in labor. He has fought for the labor education of black men, believing that Negroes have abilities, and that abilities have rights. Weyler might have been a great school teacher in a Negro school, or in a white school, depending on his choice, and the exigencies of the situation, instead of being a labor leader.

Weyler is not the only Southern white who holds a great heart for the common man, black and white—and at the same time! There are many Weylers. Not enough, but if there had been none, we would long since have been knee-deep in blood, South of the Potomac. But I know at present that Weyler will not satisfy the immature Northern radicals, both the Negroes and intellectual "carpetbaggers" of the present generation. And Weyler is not a politician. There is sound evidence of that fact: first, he is opposed to the poll-tax; second, he is in favor of white man's wages for black men doing the same work. What could be clearer?

I feel that young men who have gone into various sorts of interracial work should *build* upon the work of men like Weyler. It is the Weylers who have lately put life into the American Federation of Labor's Negro members. There are others; some of them in high places. All the AFL is not anti-Negro. I know that there are a thousand things that need correcting, and there are a few hundred ways of correcting them. But I for one —and I am not the only one—do not want the Negro workers "saved" as a by-product of the process of destroying trade-unionism in America.

I am not yet converted to the totalitarian way of life. Hence, I am for the encouragement of the Weylers. I do not believe that souls—rampant and on fire for the "changing of this world by Thursday morning" have any too much to offer in finding a solution of race conflict in the South, which, I am continually aware, is not New York.

Now, down at Atlanta, Weyler was chairman of the policy committee, which was made up of the Presidents of the State Federations represented. This is significant, inasmuch as the entire South from Virginia down was included, except Texas, which is in the Southwest, and which is more backward in the growth of the Federation than any other area. Not only the State Federations, but important international bodies such as the Longshoremen, the Boilermakers, the Laborers, the Machinists, the Electricians, the Teachers were also represented. And might I add that the Laborers have done a great deal for poor whites and Negroes during the past five years. Forty cents and up an hour paid for construction labor means much more to our Southern masses than all of the resolutions adopted in New York and blown to the winds in Washington.

Weyler had much to do with the framing of the resolutions. He was not the only man behind it, of course. But I like to associate him with it, for he is the man who defended it on the floor. And of greater significance, he was a Southern white man calling for the abolition of the poll-tax and for better living conditions—equal prog-

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ress in living conditions—for black and white alike.

There was a "Colored Committee for Policy Committee" which included among others George Millner, a Negro, Second Vice-President of the Longshoremen. Incidentally, Negroes have much better representation in Joseph Ryan's Longshoremen than in any other international union, whether AFL, "orthodox," or CIO "dissident." But I have Millner in mind at the moment, for he represents a labor tradition for tide water (Virginia) Negroes. Millner has labored among his charges 41 years. It would be well for white friends of the Negro to build more upon Negroes who have achieved and less upon Negro leaders of the moment who get a better press but rate much less. (This, however, again calls more for a sincere desire to help solve the race problem than for a desire merely to polish-up one's stars in a hoped-for crown.)

Now to get down to that resolution! First of all, it is five pages long. It is dynamite, and as revolutionary in the light of the practices of some ALF unions and of some officials as the sudden appearance of a black couple on the dance floor of the best-known Park Avenue hotel—and I do not mean as "entertainers." There are thirteen sections of this resolution, but sections 6, 7, and 8 are of especial interest from the angle that I have "raced" this, or from the race that I have "angled" it.

Section 6 reads in part: "In this terrible war that is world wide in scope, the contest is between dictatorship and democratic procedures. . . . It is *neither fair nor just nor honest in any government claiming to be established as a government of the people, and by the people, and for the people, to place a monetary condition upon a sovereign citizen in the free exercise of his franchise.* [Italics mine.] Therefore, the Southern War Labor Conference here assembled, urges a continued fight by the American Federation of Labor for the repeal of the *poll tax* as a condition for voting."

Negroes present were here and there whispering, "What about the white primary?" But the general reaction among Negroes was that this alone was a great step forward; further, that once the poor whites learned to vote, the labor movement might be able to teach them the justice of having black people vote, too. And, by the way, the heading of the section just quoted was in caps: POLL TAX A CONTRADICTION IN A DEMOCRACY.

Organized Labor's Aid to Negro Labor. This is a long section. It started with, "As a majority of the Negro citizens of the United States live in the twelve states represented in this conference, it is most fitting and proper that questions affecting the welfare of Negro labor should have a prominent place in the discussions and deliberations of this body. The officers and delegates . . . are proud of the fact that the wise leaders who founded the American Federation of Labor adopted as one of its fundamental principles that the organized labor movement then being formed was devoted and dedicated to the high and holy purpose of the advancement and protection and well being of all wage earners *without regard to race, creed or color.* [Italics mine]."

Then followed recognition of Negro progress —"geniuses have been developed"—and the information that "more than 300,000 Negroes are now members of our unions in these twelve states." And this wording is very significant: "While it is true that thousands upon thousands of them still live on sub-standard wages, it is also true that more thousands upon thousands of white people in the South continue to live upon sub-standard wages." Again, "the labor movement should serve the workers without regard to race, creed or color," and "there should be a condition of *absolute equal rights on jobs and job opportunities without any discrimination whatsoever between the workers on account of race, creed or color.* [Italics mine]."

The conference took a strong stand against Federal compulsion in matters of forced savings and freezing of labor, and took a stand against "adverse labor legislation." *Children?* "It must be remembered that certain industries in America were built upon child labor and it can hardly be expected that all men have died who once exploited child labor." The conference asked that moves to break down standards be viewed with alarm, and called attention to the need for post-war planning. Finally, Section 13 pledged the loyalty of the Federation to the war effort, "to render a more effective service in winning this war for America and her allies and preserving freedom and Democracy in our own beloved nation during the war and forever afterwards."

This, I say, in Atlanta, Georgia, with 300 Negro delegates joining in the final applause, which was the point where Old Man Weyler pulled off his specks and went to town.

Abe Lincoln was equally tall, and he was equally honest. Lincoln was from Kentucky too. He was President of the United States. Old Man Weyler is a carpenter, and unless I miss my guess, he will never be president of the Carpenters' International. But he pulled off his specks, laid aside the big words of his resolution and told the white folks on one side of the hall that the colored folks on the other side of the hall were people; that they had rights; that if the white folks spent their energies keeping the black folks down, they would not get far themselves.

There was no hissing and booing. I did not see the "black and white unite and fight" signs go

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up, as they do in Madison Square when intellectuals gather to pose as the common man. What I saw was a lot of white workers and a scattering of white politicians; and a smaller number of black workers and some black politicians. Old Man Weyler had captured their emotions. I hope he does not wear off their minds.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

MR. MAX LERNER, "adviser to the publisher" of *PM*—that pioneering effort in daily journalism aiming to be independent of advertising and any pressure of its influence on editorial policies—is also chief editorial writer on that lively if sometimes erratic and most enterprising paper. Mr. Lerner is better known as a writer of books and serious review articles on international affairs, and the ideas and principles manifesting themselves in public affairs, than as a daily editorial writer. That he will convey a powerful influence derived from universities and high intellectual forums into the diffusive stream of the daily press is already apparent by the lucid force of his contributions to *PM*.

Two of his recent editorials are representative both of his lively newspaper style and characteristic of the kind of ideas his style will spread among masses of readers ordinarily not influenced by the abstract forces dealt in by modern "liberal" thinkers in the universities and other "high-brow" places. One is his reflections on the remarkable confession published in the magazine of the New York Sunday *Times* recently by Arthur Koestler, in which that well known novelist and journalist, who occupies so high a place "among the leftwing intelligentsia"—the characterization is Mr. Koestler's own—vividly related why he had reached the conclusion that the only result of the present world-wide war and revolution that he can discern as probable, though not desirable, is that success "in the war, the peace and the world after the war belongs to the conservatives." The other contained his reflections upon the verdict reached by the jury in California on the malodorous Errol Flynn case.

Arthur Koestler is considered by Mr. Lerner to be a typical, though unusually illustrious, example of those "Tired Radicals" on whom, a quarter of a century ago, one of the *New Republic's* then editors, Mr. Walter Weyl, wrote a much discussed essay. His title, which passed into current language—at least current high-brow language—was the most acute and striking phrase to sum up a phenomenon that became prominent after the last world war and its vast reaction into a very low order of "conservatism" indeed. Mr. Lerner's objection to Mr. Koestler's newly acquired views, he tells us, is not that Koestler is a realist, and therefore discerns the truth in current events—though admittedly his opportunities, and apparently his ability, to discern realities have been exceptionally numerous and well employed. The objection is that Mr. Koestler, being weary, therefore depressed, mistakes shadows for the substance, and that in reality the true radicals—for whose cause Mr. Lerner bears his lance into the arena of current controversies—when not tired out, or when not permitting their fatigue and frustrations in the present state of affairs to befog their vision, have the realities of the world situation on their side of the great struggles which now strain humanity, and may reasonably and constructively look ahead and labor for the realization of their ideals.

But what, after all, are their ideals? What, in any precise shape, is their firm conception of what their ideals of "democracy" or "progress" or "human rights" ought to be, in a real society of real human beings, motivated by real and not self-assumed versions of fundamental principles or forces? It seems to me that "liberals" and "radicals" alike, when they lack religious faith in judging the shape of the world to come—emerging out of the chaos of today—are in great confusion of mind. They ignore or deny the validity of the part played in human affairs by moral values deriving from, and explicated in the light of, supernatural religion; both as revealed, and as reasonably deduced from revelation and from the study of real human beings.

The nastiest aspects of the Flynn case, in their power to harm the public and public interests—including those democratic and progressive hopes and ideals cherished by all true radical thinkers except those who have become anarchists, or gone insane—were not the charges made against the Hollywood star, but the epidemic of vile social sewer-gas of their exploitation by the tabloid and yellow press.

Mr. Lerner displays, in ignoring this fact, that amazing incapacity to realize, and still more to understand, that the top-lofty and almost contemptuous dismissal of public concern about public indignation over this exploitation whether by "liberals" and radicals, tired or vigorous, undermines and destroys public faith in them more than all their social theories. The nazis in Germany made full use of that fact when they seized power, or rather when preparing to do so. Utterly corrupt themselves, the nazi leaders acutely recognized, however, that the masses of the German people—like the masses of all normal, Christianized people everywhere—were so utterly disgusted both with the contempt for sexual morality on the part of "left wing radicals" and the exploitation of morbid sex interest by the democratic press and theater, and all other agencies of publicity and entertainment under the all-too tolerant or indifferent Weimar Republic, that a most potent weapon for striking down all democracies as morally corrupting systems was placed in their paws by the very people they were arming to attack.

Conservatism does not necessarily mean reaction. If true conservatism is to shape the future, as Mr. Koestler thinks, and Mr. Lerner denies, and not blind, stupid reaction, it will be, of course, because true conservatives know that morality is not merely or wholly a matter of sex behavior, and the exploitation of sexual subjects, but includes sex as only one of many grave moral things that must be considered. There is morality in business. In

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politics. In all affairs. But sex is the most explosive force of all. Liberal newspapers like *PM* burst into loud cheering because Errol Flynn was acquitted—not because he was deemed innocent by tired radicals, or vigorous radicals, but because tired radicals rejoice, as *PM* does in this editorial, over any defeat for laws which over-emphasize, in the radical view, the right of the state to take action in such affairs. "The case is over, and it ends well," says Mr. Lerner. That verdict is fantastically wrong. But the case for the kind of radicalism which ignores or denies humanity's right to be protected against the disruptive action of radicals or conservatives who exploit sex interests in the press must soon come into the court of public opinion.

Communications

INTERRACIAL COURSES

Lewisburg, Penna.

TO the Editors of *Commonweal*: In his interesting letter published in THE COMMONWEAL of February 12, the Reverend John Jos. Roach points out that Fordham University is the first graduate school of social service to have a course in the study of interracial questions on its curriculum.

It may be of interest to readers of your distinguished weekly that as far as undergraduate schools are concerned, Bucknell University has for several years had on its curriculum a course established by Professor Robert Sutherland, now of the University of Texas, "Conflicts of Nations, Races, and Classes." In this course are studied works such as: "Essays on Nationalism" by Carlton J. Hayes, "Race: Science and Politics" by Ruth Benedict and "The Proletariat" by Dr. Goetz Briefs. The course, in spite of not being required and taking up forty academic hours, has been taken every year since its inauguration by about fifty students, most of them seniors. Particular emphasis is laid on the essential need for worldwide cooperation as well of Protestantism and Catholicism as of Christianity and Judaism. Bucknell, a Baptist-related college offering this course at present through a member of the Lutheran Church, thus tries to contribute to the realization that, especially in Europe, all efforts toward the suppression of racial and nationalistic hatreds will have only limited chances of success without active alliance with the Catholic millions of France, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Low Countries.

A splendidly led Christian Association formed on the campus, having Protestants, Catholics and Jews as members, without any proselytizing tendencies whatsoever, is likewise tireless in demonstrating the need for the solution of interracial problems as one of the essential conditions for the struggle not only against contemporary Hitlerism, but also against that always and everywhere potent "Hitlerism" which can never be destroyed completely as it is the result of the dualistic nature of man, of all men, nations, and races.

ERNST W. MEYER.

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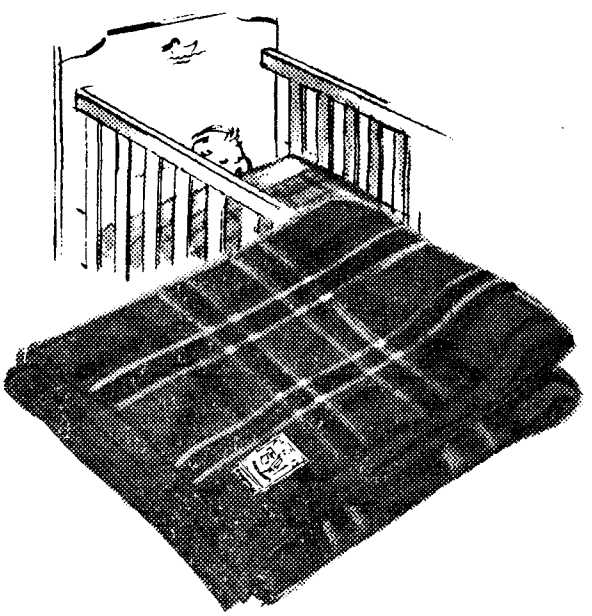

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The Stage & Screen

This Rock

SOME PLAYS give you indigestion instead of entertainment. "This Rock," produced by Eddie Dowling, written by Walter Livingston Faust and starring Billie Burke, is one of them. The story involves interaction of a group of children from the London slums with a rich, country family to which they have been evacuated. The big brother of one child is dragged into provide the love interest. The utter failure of the author to understand the Cinderella theme is one source of distress. You are asked to believe that a cultured, lovely girl will fall in love with a crude, unredeemed bounder suffering from hatred of his own unfortunate economic and social condition, which expresses itself in undiluted manifestations of envy. It is axiomatic that Prince Charming never loved a slattern and the beautiful Princess never loved a boor. Our deepest prejudices on this important subject are deeply injured by "This Rock." Moreover, it is not funny to watch a chaotic horde of impossible children scrambling around the stage producing "humor" by liberal dosages of Bronx cheers. In one instance unpinned breeches are supposed to produce the laughs. How this kind of stuff gets to Broadway is and always will be an insoluble mystery. Billie Burke is open to condolences for returning to Broadway after an absence of twelve years in a play which is utterly unworthy of her talents. (*At the Longacre.*)

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Stay For the Shorts

SHORTS continue to crash through with matter on which features fear to tread. Particularly with war themes, the shorter films again and again prove their importance. Below are reviewed briefly some of the recent shorts that merit your attention.

The latest group from the OWI does an excellent job, not only in reassuring families and friends who are worried about their men in the services, but also in informing the civilian public on certain phases of the war. *"Paratroops"* shows in lively fashion how carefully are trained the young men who go in for this hazardous work. The camera follows the men in their toughening processes until they become proficient parachutists and includes stunning shots of their ski training and actual parachuting. *"Army Food"* should make many a civilian mouth water as it displays the large amounts of good food and well-prepared meals our soldiers get no matter where they might be. The scientific aspect is brought to the fore as the film covers vitamins, dehydration and the famous K ration, but emphasizes that man must have appetizing and substantial meals as well as vitamins. A note of humor is introduced into this educational subject in scenes which show men acting as guinea pigs in the controlled food experiments. You'll like the sweating young chap who says, "Holy smokes! They've got us in the Sahara Desert." The script goes overoptimistic in reporting: "In the future no household need be without vitamin rich vegetables and fruits at anytime." However, parents who see the short won't worry about their boys being well fed. *"Mission Accomplished"* gives us in documentary fashion an account of some of the first raids over Europe by US fliers in flying fortress bombers. The feature film, *"Air Force,"* has taken much of the edge off this short, which was limited to footage actually taken before, during and after raids. Nevertheless one gets a feeling through the preparations, bomb loadings, instructions and shots of the raid that this is the real thing and that flying fortresses are definitely proving their worth. *"Troop Train"* is the best of this new OWI lot (all of which are one-reelers). One gains a new respect for the Army Transportation Corps as one sees the work involved in the movement of Army divisions. From the nerve center with all its complicated switchboards in Washington down to the porter who won't tell the soldiers where they are going, the task is tremendous; and this film conveys well much of the excitement. Tanks, planes, jeeps are loaded on flat cars. The sequences that show how the soldiers spend their time on these long rides are done with a nice human touch. Civilians will be a little more patient with their own delays and inconveniences in traveling after they see this impressive short which combines fine camera work with a simple, well-written script and a good musical score. I wish the soldier-passengers hadn't been so naïve in a couple of scenes; but no doubt all this travel will change that.

The results of all these preparations for troops movements, army food and the training of soldiers are seen in the latest film in the World in Action series, *"The Invasion of North Africa."* After a quick review of the war since last summer, the camera shows some of the 850 merchant ships and men of war that recently formed the biggest armada in the history of the world. The landing, the bombings, the capture of Casablanca, the unloading of

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supplies not only for the fighting men but for the peoples of the territories occupied by the United Nations—all this makes absorbing film fare. One might wish that this short were better documented; but in spite of the fact that many of these scenes are library shots, the camera does succeed in conveying some reportage of what is going on.

The most vivid picture of the war, and one that is packed with the horror and full meaning of the present scourge is March of Time's glowing tribute to Russia called *"One Day of War—Russia* 1943." The visual part of the film is the work of 160 official cameramen of the Soviet Army and Navy, and shows us what these heroic people are doing in the vast stretches from the Arctic to the Caucasus, from the Western Front to the Bering Sea. The actual war shots are pretty grim and make real to us what the Russians have suffered and what a valiant defense they are putting up. The film was edited here and MOT's script emphasizes that "all of Russia is the battleground, all its cities and fortresses, all its people are combatants." We see the Red Navy in action in the Black Sea, soldiers on leave in Moscow, workers (including many women) in factories, farms, fishing boats, mines. The sequences of the siege of Leningrad and those with the guerillas behind the enemy's lines and those on the western front should make us realize that our efforts to stop the nazis have so far been small. The commentator wisely omits any discussion of communism or Russia after the war. And the pictures illustrate well his main point—"They will keep fighting because this is their homeland—because they love Russia; they love it as the English love England, as the American people love and believe in America."

Perhaps the best propaganda job among the new shorts is done by the latest item in the "This Is America" series, called *"Boomtown, D. C."* It's all about Washington, which has become a new city of concrete and beaver board. The main factories in this Boomtown are the Government offices; the assembly plant is Congress. The film conveys the confusion and rush of Washington today in some good montage shots of files, typewriters, steel drawers and mimeograph machines working at a fast clip. The lively script points out that the little people of Washington are the important people of this Boomtown; and a warm human contact is established as the camera catches a couple of days in the life of Ruth, one of the many young women from all over the country who come to Washington for a job. The "No Vacancies" signs make the housing problem discouraging, but she finally shares a room with two other girls in the old French embassy. Ruth works in the enormous War Department Building (which has such a large and changing staff that a new telephone book is published daily). Her work on 1927 files isn't exactly glamorous, and those seven carbon copies are trying. During the busy lunch hour she realizes that all is not quiet on the Potomac. At a USO dance, Ruth meets Pvt. Dale. A friendship develops between the two young people who are lonely in this crowded town where one stands in line for everything. Washington is the most vital military target in the world, and the best defended. It is guarded by a handpicked group of men. Pvt. Dale is one of the military guards before the White House. This is dull routine, but someone has to do this kind of work. The Bossman of Boomtown is the President; one unusually colorful sequence shows him talking to all the Private Dales who are guarding Washington. This short won't encourage Americans to go to Washington, but it will awaken a new interest in the capital which has become Our Town, U.S.A.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

NUMBER ONE. *John Dos Passos. Houghton.* $2.50.

THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS. *C. S. Lewis. Macmillan.* $1.50.

APPEASEMENT'S CHILD: *The Franco Régime in Spain. Thomas J. Hamilton. Knopf.* $3.00.

THE THOUSAND YEAR CONSPIRACY. *Paul Winkler. Scribner.* $2.75.

Wanted: a Dynamism

AFTER ALL, it's quite simple why Catholic novelists in this country don't turn out good books. It's because they can't write like John Dos Passos. They haven't the vigor and they haven't the style. They can't tell a story that moves, jumps, crackles with the American tempo, American language, and that whole vague, at once vulgar-and-noble thing known as the American spirit.

Dos Passos has written such a book in "Number One." It isn't the first he's written, and probably not the best. But it's still a good book, and this in spite of vulgarity and sexual realism that will offend the more sensitive and even some of the less sensitive. The story revolves around Chuck Crawford, who is a thinly concealed stand-in for Huey Long, and we're glad to see that for once a novelist doesn't try to duck behind the moth-eaten hypocrisy of 'the characters in this book are entirely fictitious, and any resemblance, etc." The Long heirs probably can't sue; the parallel isn't perfect, but this is Huey in the flesh—the brilliant, funny, ruthless, corrupt, home-grown-American fascist who ran Louisiana strictly on the *fuehrer* principle and had his eyes on bigger, fresher fields when the assassin's bullet dropped him for the count.

The book is most exciting, most readable when Crawford himself holds the center of the stage. The fast pace slows a little when the focus shifts more toward the hero, Tyler Spotswood, Crawford's secretary and older brother to Glenn Spotswood, the boy who tangled with the Stalinists in "Adventures of a Young Man." This Tyler doesn't quite come off. You're never really convinced that such a civilized type could have stuck with Crawford so long after the man's real nature and intentions were apparent.

As a matter of fact, this implausibility ties in with a more profound weakness. It is the basic reason why capable liberals like Dos Passos don't turn out great books. It is also why the vague philosophy that underlies and overlays their writing can never prove a match for the dynamic drive of the fascism or communism which they so eloquently repudiate.

This weakness is the ignorance of such novelists as to the real nature of man. They obscure, or deny outright, the terrible, tricky conflict of good and evil within the individual soul. People like Tyler Spotswood simply drift

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into a bad spot, from which by some automatic reflex of decent impulses they either do or do not extricate themselves. Consequently, life is pictured as a tragic, bewildering affair in which men should, but very seldom do, find happiness on the level of romance, children, a good job, and the Philharmonic on Sunday afternoons—an appealing level, but surely not the limit of man's hope. On the social, political plane the fight against evil is purely a defensive one, the emphasis is egocentric rather than centrifugal.

The disaster in all this is that these well-meaning people don't seem to realize that sooner or later the defensive mentality, like the "Maginot Line" mentality, must crumble before the onslaught of some kind of aggressive dynamism. In short, if the forces of decency can't create, or recreate, or borrow some effective, popular dynamism of their own, we do not see how they can hope to stop the ultimate advance of some indecent "Number One" either from the right or left flank. And where, Mr. Dos Passos and gentlemen, can you find us such a dynamism outside the bruised and battered portals of our ancient Christian faith?

Short but Neat

AMERICAN junkets by Oxford and Cambridge debating teams have reminded us from time to time that there are a lot of young Englishmen who are undoubtedly clever. It was not the decisions that they won but their style. Where our own college students with high seriousness and will to win were straining every nerve to pound home their side of the case, their opponents with deceptive ease contented themselves with scoring a few bright points. Curiously enough such technique is almost exactly the reverse of the British reputation for losing every battle except the last one.

Moralists from time immemorial, because of the very nature of their message, have had to pierce the most stubborn human resistance. It is recounted that the Greek slave, Epictetus, had his leg broken for exasperating his Roman master by continued exhortations to Stoic virtue. But usually, resistance is passive if no less obdurate. The most common tactics of modern popular preachers seem to combine violent denunciation with attention-getting sensationalism. Only seldom has the Oxford-Cambridge style been adapted to moralizing with any degree of success.

Mr. Lewis's volume is one of those rare instances. He has the happy idea of posing certain aspects of Christian morality by inversion—of presenting each problem as it would appear to one of Satan's major assistants writing a lesser demon here above. God is referred to as "the Enemy," while these letters from Screwtape to Wormwood occasionally mention other lesser devils such as, Scabtree, Toadpipe, Slubgob and Glubose. Satan himself is "Our Father." Yet despite poking fun at the powers of evil Mr. Lewis points out in his preface that disbelief in Satan and the other extreme of unhealthy interest in devils are besetting sins of our day.

Screwtape's basic instruction to Wormwood is, "Do remember you are there to fuddle him." Therefore the young man who is the object of these diabolical ministrations is tempted to focus attention on the contrast between the doctrine of the Mystical Body and the unpleasant habits of the man who sits next to him in church. Wormwood is instructed to keep him in a state of half conscious guilt; on another occasion to make him feel that he is the lawful possessor of all 24 hours of his day. The idea is also to develop false humility, to direct whatever benevolence he feels to the universe in general and save his malevolence for his closest contacts with his fellow men. Anything to keep him from seeing things as they are. Above all Wormwood is coached how to push along every tendency that will lead to despair. In most of this, though his comments on marriage seem inadequate, the author exhibits a remarkable knowledge of human nature.

In the process Screwtape makes remarkably apt observations on the nature of God and His relationship with men. Here is an excerpt: "You must often have wondered why the Enemy does not make more use of His power to be sensibly present to human souls in any degree He chooses and at any moment. But you now see that the Irresistible and the Indisputable are the two weapons which the very nature of His scheme forbids Him to use. Merely to override a human will (as His felt presence in any but the faintest and most mitigated degree would certainly do) would be for Him useless. He cannot ravish. He can only woo." Mr. Lewis is apparently an Anglican, and underlying his able little treatise is the conviction that history and science, all reality in fact, bear out the Christian claim.

The Acorn and the Tree

IT IS all very well to say, now that the war is here, that it was a mistake to allow the Axis to obtain control of Spain through its intervention in the Civil War. It is all very well to recognize that a fascist Spain is a threat against our North African lines of communication. There is no arguing at all against the fact that Franco's Spain owes its existence to the Axis, and is grateful to the Axis, and will fall when the Axis collapses, or against the fact that in the meanwhile it dislikes democracy, our democracy and any other democracy, and that it hopes for our defeat, for democracy's defeat. By the pragmatic test of what has happened there can be no arguing against the fact that fascism in Spain weighs against us in the scales of war. Inevitably Spanish leadership hopes for our defeat and, actually, would help to accomplish our defeat were it physically possible to do so. It is not physically possible to do so for the Civil War has left Spain starving, divided, miserable and misgoverned. This is the thesis of Mr. Hamilton's book and it is irrefutable.

If one is going to judge a régime by the simple process of trial and error, if one is going to say that a régime is good when it assists us in the effort we are making in this war, and bad when it works against us in this war, then the Franco régime is a bad régime. If one rises above our nation's immediate interests in the war and evaluates the worth of a régime on the basis of the good or evil effects it produces in the country in which it is established, then the Franco régime is a bad régime. And if one goes still further and judges a régime on its intentions, its ideology, its relationship to the human person, the conception it has of man and his freedom, the conception it has of justice, then the Franco régime is a bad régime. All this is clear today. Fascism has been judged by what fascism has produced. But it is humiliating to think that so many governments, and so many of the people who have influenced the governments, have had so complete a disdain for everything spiritual that they had to wait until a discernibly brutal spirit was rationalized into theory, until theory was made concrete in action, and until the guns were loaded and fired, before they could look at that spirit

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and see it for what it was. From its first beginnings fascism everywhere, in Italy, in Spain, contained in its spirit all the evil it has produced. That is why all the discussion, all the controversy, all the comment that has accompanied its development has been beside the point. The real question has always been whether or not one accepted fascism at its origin, whether or not one judged fascism—on its own premises—to be compatible with human moral law and with all that informs human moral law.

Well written and interesting, this correspondent's book contains only one chapter of the type correspondent's personal difficulties, how I felt when I crossed the frontier, how hard it was to find an apartment, etc. It contains only one inexcusable lapse of taste—in a reference to Suner's private life. The account of the Civil War is judicious. Credit is given generously to certain activities of the phalangist *Auxilio Social*. The deplorable state of present day Spain is described with compassion. For many of us "Appeasement's Child" will make useful reading. It is, however, comment *post facto*. It is evidence, not proof, of fascism's evil: the proof, the only kind of proof which has superior and compelling validity for us, was within fascism from the start.

Teuto-Prussians

MR. WINKLER we are informed is a Frenchman, and he has assembled in this volume a useful collection of documents and facts regarding that cultural stream in Germandom known as "Prussian," and which he prefers to designate as "Prusso-Teutonism." He has gone through an immense amount of material and provides his book with an extremely useful bibliography. What he has chosen to quote and the historic facts he has chosen to recount not only serve to keep the record clear with regard to the antiquity and persistence of this phenomenon, but they go a long way to prove its existence for such minds as may still think the "Prussianism" a pure invention of British propaganda and French nationalism.

It is unfortunate that this aspect of the German mind should have come so largely to be dismissed in recent years, either as invention out of whole cloth or as something so freakish that it had no significance. The West conditioned its mind against taking the Prussian mentality seriously; perhaps this is the reason why Hitler could say perfectly frankly in "Mein Kampf" what he intended to do—or, to be more accurate, give several equally repellent alternative lines of action—without really convincing anyone except his own followers. The rest of us shrugged it off as some atavistic sort of lunacy.

Yet honest reflection and any sort of acquaintanceship with the history of German literature and philosophy must make us realize that these currents, this glorification of force and of war and of blood, are nothing new in Germany. Mr. Winkler's historical thesis is that they go back straight to half-converted barbarians before the time of Charlemagne, and to their immediate descendants who obtained the support of at least two Hohenstaufen Emperors, both of whom came into open conflict with the Papacy. The latter of these emperors, Frederick II, was the most generous of the patrons of the Teutonic Knights, a religious order whose strange-seeming purpose was to convert the heathens east of Germany at the point of the sword. Actually the Knights seem to have been more concerned with conquest than conversion, and were constantly arousing the bitter antipathy of true Christians, including the Holy See. From this highly disciplined, compact group, with its requirement of Germanic blood for membership, the *organized* Prussian mentality would seem to have sprung, getting its final philosophical expression about the time of the Napoleonic invasions. The names of the philosophers who most brilliantly expound its views are familiar to all of us—Hegel, Fichte, Nietzsche, not to mention what might be described as the philosophers of war who were also soldiers.

Mr. Winkler insists, and every fair-minded person must insist with him, that this mentality is by no means the only traditional German mentality. But he insists that it has captured Germany by rigid application of its own principles of duplicity, terror, and exaltation of conquest. Most of what he writes on this subject is well worth reading, even if you think you already know about it. He writes with considerable objectivity and ease. But when he begins to try a broader explanation of this psychological phenomenon, he seems to over-simplify. He properly divides mankind into those to whom peace is normal and those to whom war is normal, but in an elaborate historical and anthropological analysis he separates the two streams far too rigorously. There is no space here to reproduce his line of argument, but one comment seems in order. Is there not some element of the Teuto-Prussian in almost all of us, as well as an element of peace and what we may for want of a better expression describe as the "more civilized" tendency? Is it not deceiving oneself to relegate the Prussian mind to any given geographical region, even though we may grant that it is predominant in that region and happily frowned upon elsewhere? In other words, we must beware of thinking these people are not also men, with souls to save, and ultimately possible of conversion.

More Books of the Week

Note Books of Night. Edmund Wilson. Colt Press (San Francisco). $2.50.

THIS is the first example I have seen of Edmund Wilson's verse and his non-critical prose. Generally speaking, it is, in either form, dreamy, elegiac and satirical in character. I need hardly point out that it is an extremely good sign of the times when a critic of Mr. Wilson's calibre decides to print a miscellany of this type. In the days of the *Dial*, during the remote twenties, that periodical had a special department called "New Forms" consisting, for the most part, of the old verse and the old fiction given, under the influence of Joyce, an only slightly new, and very uninspired twist. What some of us demand today is not a new poetry nor a new fiction, for such things are impossible. On the other hand, we rejoice when such writers as Norman Douglas, Christopher Isherwood, Harold Nicolson and Mr. Wilson take the old stale forms of travel, autobiography and fiction, and mix them into something which, by its very ambiguity, has the effect of authentic novelty. Thoroughly modern and cultivated though he is, Mr. Wilson's book is, actually, not so much of an experiment as "Some People" or "Good Bye to Berlin." Of the prose, I like best "Variations on a Landscape," a truly noble piece of writing. Of the verse, I like least "Lesbia in Hell," which seems to have echoes of A. E. Housman's "Sentry," not to mention Mr. Cabell's "Jurgen." But I cannot admire too much certain of the satiric poems like the nasty one on MacLeish,

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"Disloyal Lines to an Alumnus" (not of Harvard, unfortunately), and, above all, the cruel and superb "Good Neighbor"; witness this passage:

O beaters of the winds that blow!
O damned that hate the happy so!
O dying that must nag and drive
To feel yourselves at least alive . . .

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Twilight of Capitalism and the War. Walter John Marx. Herder. $2.75.

ALTHOUGH written for popular consumption, this is an important book for all serious thinkers. It brings together the isolated facts and conclusions of dozens of prominent economists and social theorists. While no one of the studies alone would make a case, Mr. Marx has synthesized them and to the whole added his own thoughts with the result that not even the most confident die-hard capitalist could remain comfortable in the reading. There are, of course, some exaggerated statements and some isolated conclusions with which one could disagree, but taken as a whole, Mr. Marx has done a much more objective and thorough job of exposing capitalism than a more famous man of the same name.

The author believes that the fundamental cause of modern disorder and the underlying defect of capitalism is the economic approval given human selfishness, "seeking only a blind materialistic end, the accumulation of wealth." He also believes that the benefits of capitalism are shoddy and not worth the price demanded of the human person. But those beliefs are incidental to the book. His argument is based on economics, and his thesis is that capitalism cannot operate without exploitation, and, bluntly, that it must run down when there is no one left to exploit. Again and again he returns to this argument that a system based upon production for maximum profit, rather than use, will inevitably collapse. His case ranges from the simplest truth that a compound interest rate is impossible to a thorough exposition of the internal contradictions of free trade. Every nation will be industrialized as a result of the war, and under such conditions the fertile territories for expansion which enabled capitalism to thrive for more than a century will be ended.

Thus, he believes the present war will bring the end to the adventure of capitalism. But the alternative is not pleasant. Production for a long war has already necessitated state capitalism. If disaster is to be averted after the war, the system must be continued. He has no confidence in the Keynes plan of forced savings, for to pay off the bonds heavy taxes must withdraw as much purchasing power as payments release. State socialism will assure production and security, but Mr. Marx is doubtful that democracy can long survive in such a highly centralized and bureaucratic state.

This book is all meat and potatoes with no side dishes. The author is not fastidious in his analysis nor comforting in his conclusions. He asks questions and raises dilemmas and tears away at the very center of the meal we have been served in the past century. And there is no dessert, for although he outlines in a general way a "democratic solution," he really does not believe that the modern world will be able "to develop the unselfishness, the religious spirit . . . the idea of the common good, essential for such a change." A good beginning might be made by a thoughtful citizenry pondering carefully the alternatives as presented in "The Twilight of Capitalism."

EMERSON HYNES.

Blackout in Gretley. J. B. Priestley. Harper. $2.50.

THIS BOOK is interesting in that it presents in thriller form a problem which is as much ours as England's in the global war which has engaged all our forces. Mr. Priestley sends his secret-service man, Humphrey Neyland, a lean, stoical Canadian, down to an English manufacturing city to discover and give up to justice a group of spies who are giving out information on British production. But the spies are not sinister, heel-clicking Germans; they are native Englishmen and English women whose warped intelligences and thwarted egos have thrown them into civil war against their own people. I am inclined to believe that Mr. Priestley's grudge against the aristocrats has been fed a bit too full in his delineation of some of the characters, but I defer of course to his knowledge of conditions in England. Nonetheless, a casual reader will be certain to attach the undesirable characteristics of Colonel Tarlington and Miss Axton to the account of their entire class. This novel further establishes the indubitable truth that nazism is a state of mind, and is valuable to that extent.

As a novel, it is painfully deficient; like most stories of mystery, the building-up of the situation is enthralling, but the climax is quite artificial and weak. People so resourceful and tough as Mr. Priestley's spies would never crack as they did under the gentle rhetoric of his Mr. Neyland. What merit there is in the book, resides in small touches of characterization and description.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

Firedrake. A. D. Divine. Dutton. $2.75.

H.M.S. *FIREDRAKE* is probably the most famous destroyer of this war. The little ship, with time out for repairs, has been in constant active service ever since the first day of the war. She sank subs in the early months, and was bombed repeatedly in the fjords of Norway, when she had neither anti-aircraft guns nor room to maneuver. She participated in the bombardment of Genoa. Her bow was stove in by a near-miss in the Mediterranean while on convoy duty, and with the other destroyers of Flotilla F she completed a million miles of sea duty in something less than three years of war.

Her story is told here by an A. D. Divine in that unfortunate prose of which English journalists, when trying for effect, seem to be the complete master. Whether in an excess of modesty or for other reasons, we are not told much of the crew of *Firedrake,* and what little we are told is in that strained and phoney attempt at nonchalance that can be very irritating. As *Firedrake's* captain, during the Narvik campaign, remarking how a certain part of the shore would make a good golf-course.

The book is also heavily padded with propaganda, including a rehash of stuff we already know from the papers and a few crocodile tears over French "decadence." People are always more important than things and *Firedrake* is what she is only because of her men. Mr. Divine does not seem to have fully appreciated this, nor does he write well. For what happens on a destroyer, we must still go to Marcus Goodrich's remarkable, if somewhat over-written novel, "Delilah."

HARRY SYLVESTER.

Jefferson Himself. Edited by Bernard Mayo. Houghton. $4.00.

THIS is a splendid *tour de force.* Mr. Mayo has built up an autobiography for Jefferson out of Jefferson's writings; the result is most interesting, and valuable for making available things otherwise hard to find.

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The Inner Forum

Catholics in Georgia

MANY Catholics know that the Bishop of Atlanta is Most Rev. Gerald O'Hara and that he is no relation to Scarlett O'Hara. Few, however, realize that there are only 22,500 Catholics in Georgia (.7 per cent of the state population), 83 priests and exactly 69 churches.

According to A. T. Masterson in the March issue of *Extension,* the first priests came to Georgia with the Spaniards in 1565, but their missionary work was wiped out by the advance of an English force from the Carolinas in 1686. Nevertheless, it wasn't until 1733 that James Oglethorpe actually landed 18 miles up on the Savannah River with 125 colonists and formally founded the colony of Georgia. Oglethorpe's plan was to make the colony a rehabilitation project for the debtors who overcrowded English prisons at the time. But the idea was abandoned for lack of funds in a few years, Georgia became a royal province, one of the original thirteen revolutionary colonies, and a Protestant stronghold.

Anti-Catholic prejudice became such a problem that there rose to meet it in 1916 the Catholic Laymen's League, whose purpose was "to bring about a friendlier feeling among Georgians irrespective of creed." Under the leadership of such outstanding men as Richard Reid, now editor of New York's *Catholic News,* the League's information bureau worked wonders in clearing Georgia air of the storms of unreasoning hatred and the fogs of ignorance. The technique used was to write very courteous, informative letters to every editor whose publication printed anything inaccurate or unfair about the Church.

There is fervor and devotion among the state's faithful, but on the reverse side of the picture many have lost the Faith, largely through lack of priests and churches. Recently another step was taken on the uphill road toward correcting this situation when a friend of the Church Extension Society financed the building of a new mission church at Alapaha, Georgia, one of five in an area of 6,000 square miles.

The Extension Society has contributed a total of $61,537.25 toward building the Church in Georgia, which is, incidentally, the largest state east of the Mississippi River. But much more will be needed before Bishop O'Hara reaches his goal: "to make it reasonably possible for every Catholic in Georgia to hear Mass and receive religious instructions every Sunday."

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. Charles L. MEEUS, a native of Belgium, has spent several years as a missioner in China. He became a Chinese citizen, and has served as secretary to Bishop Paul Yu Pin, of Nanking, China.

Don Luigi STURZO, founder of the Italian Popular Party, is now living in Florida.

George STREATOR is working for the labor section of the War Production Board.

Cuthbert WRIGHT teaches at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

Emerson HYNES teaches at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.

J. G. E. HOPKINS teaches at Notre Dame of Staten Island College, and contributes both poetry and prose to various magazines.

Harry SYLVESTER, author of "Dearly Beloved," writes short stories and articles for several magazines.

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